

Soilent Green

"Walk A Year In My Mind"

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seduced of my virgin descent
raped of this primitive trust
instinct... an art of overridden wrath
twisted and bound into my own flesh
break down... this existence
a wish of death... a tired warm breath
disturb the subtle side of me
expression my quality
scratching this sanity
into my walled mind...
my sustain of pain
a slut of love... the lover in sin
let these beatings begin ...begin...
get out of my face...
disgrace to your race, your kind
left your own friends behind
...undecided oppositions fall...
complications... no money
need to borrow time... no help
can't seem to get a straight face
...a fit of intense anger...
thinking... planning...
switching the choices daily
seeing my life through frames
an urge that repulses love
and rekindles a pain
increase the purge for more...
your faltered game
listen to a word
actions speak-out...
wipe-out words that lie
emotional thief... held my grounds
reveal solutions to weakness
conform to the trails of man
breaking down of morals
punishment worse when younger
I can smell the aroma of life
the elixir of ill-forgot lies
taste that indulges in sin
waiting to be taken in...
youthful nightmares
made reality through diagnosis

crawling to these channels
of comfort through the stains
from beatings
playing these razor keys
to instrumental horror
the cities of living people,
the valleys of the dead
songs sung by the swarms
of flies over carnage
the kings that endure the life of filth
ripping through... digging deep
chasing me in my dreams
penetrate the dialect
a broken deep thought... learning lessbottle of cheap
wine
the vintage mind
from a not so good year
expose a deep hidden need
you've left me... leave me...
i've left me for this reach on unsanity
speechless in this silence...
speaking louder...
screaming, no one hears
you're seeing nothing more than you
care to see what you don't want to see
garden sick creatures
the mind grows to fertilize
the concepts with shit
touch my hand... sink inside my dreams
reality distinct to the point of fear
repeating an idea to over-analyze disgrace
the strain... overload... blown in your face
confine this pre-made conception
force-fed the lie of hope... choke on it
these truths untold... behold... now pain
this solitude for a higher love
striving for some kind
of excellent emotion
I don't think you would like to be me
sexual repression has led to deviance

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